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Philadelphia, Friday, August 1, 1919

FINANCIAL NOSE-DIVERS

The investigations at the North Penn Bank have not yet reached the office boy. But it seems safe to presume that the office boy had a butler and a house in the country.

They weren't ordinary bank wreckers at the unfortunate institution. They appear to have been financial joy-riders who, for one reason or another not yet apparent, had no fear of the traffic rules which the state department of banking is supposed rigidly to enforce.

Frenzied financiers usually have an end of some sort in view—if it is only the end of a rainbow. But at the North Penn Bank you dropped your money in the slot and it went automatically into automobiles, diamonds, gifts to successive wives, high-powered motorcars for thirty-five-dollar clerks, tips and high living. Hard-working depositors gave up their earnings to sustain delusions of grandeur in some amateur men-about-town.

It is interesting indeed to hear from the accountants that the surface of the affair has only been scratched. When the process of excavation begins it ought to turn up wonderful exhibits from the banking department at Harrisburg.

WELCOME TO "DEVIL DOGS"

The Fifth and Sixth Regiments of the United States marines will parade in Philadelphia this month.

The Chestnut Street Business Men's Association planned the parade. Secretary of the Navy Daniels has endorsed the idea and the people of this city will heartily welcome the men whose prowess on many battlefields won the admiration of the world.

Let's give them a real, old-fashioned, brotherly love reception!

LAWLESSNESS DE LUXE

There is no federal or state law to prevent a man from storing liquor in a home. Murray and Cumisky, deputies from the office of Internal Revenue collector Lederer who searched two private houses in this city yesterday for whisky which they supposed was stored there, had no more rights than regulars under the circumstances.

Mr. Lederer needs to explain the conduct of his subordinates. The prospect of government agents raiding private homes on one pretext or another was too noxious to be supported even by the most radical "dry" advocates in the prohibition lobby at Washington. Is Mr. Lederer determined to paint the lily? Has he agents in his office who feel that they are bigger than Congress and the constitution of the United States?

"ART" AND MOTOR TRAFFIC

There may and there may not be wisdom in the suggestion of Miers Busch, of the Philadelphia Board of Trade, that the circle in the Parkway at Logan Square is dangerous. There are some motor drivers who couldn't keep out of accidents if all the world were paved with smooth asphalt.

The interesting thing to observe in this instance is the great fondness for elaborate obstructions which seems to afflict those who plan Philadelphia streets. This weakness was first illustrated on a grand scale in City Hall, which impedes traffic on the two largest streets in the city. There are circles in Roosevelt boulevard and one at the entrance to the League Island boulevard. They not only obstruct traffic, they obstruct the view.

The thought of a clear, long vista seems to be intolerable to the landscape artists who advise the Bureau of Highways.

A HARD-BOILED COLONEL

It was to have been expected that the hard-boiled colonels implicated in the case already made out against Lieutenant "Hard-boiled" Smith would exhibit clever strategy when they were put on the defensive by a congressional committee.

Colonel E. P. Grinstead, who seems to have been something of a terrorist when he was Smith's superior, said yesterday that "rigorous measures" were necessary in French prison camps because of the tendency of men to desert.

The colonel might go a bit further and admit that brutes in officer's uniform might have had something to do with the desertions he mentioned.

THE WHINING OF THE WHIPPED

VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG is complaining that the German signatures were affixed to the peace treaty because of the "most brutal compulsion of might." He says the entire peace is a peace of might and force.

What did he think it was? The Germans were defeated by a force greater than they could command. They were brought to their knees where they had intended to bring the rest of the world to their knees. They planned to write a treaty which they intended to force the rest of the world to sign at the point of the sword. In comparison with the terms they would have imposed upon the defeated, the Versailles treaty is mercy itself.

Of course the Germans were compelled to sign the treaty. They would not have signed it if they could have got out of it. And their whining about it now, characteristic of their national temper. They will not get any sympathy from level-headed people anywhere, and the longer they whine and whimper like whipped curs the longer will it be before they recover from the great disaster that has overwhelmed them through their overleaping ambition.

meat in the United States has not kept pace with the growth of population. We are paying fifty cents a pound for beefsteaks which a few years ago could be bought for twenty-five cents and still earlier for fifteen cents.

A partial explanation for this increase in price is found in the fact that in 1890, when the country had a population of 63,000,000, there were 82,000,000 cattle on the farms and ranges, while in 1918, when the population had increased to 105,000,000, the number of cattle had grown to only 67,000,000. The population has increased 63 per cent and the number of cattle has increased only 29 per cent. The number of sheep has increased only about 10 per cent in the same period and the number of swine about 37 per cent. The domestic supply has not kept up with the demand. This, however, is hardly true in other countries, imports of meat from which have been made easier and cheaper by means of improved transportation and refrigeration facilities.

One of the reasons for the shrinkage in domestic supply is that the great ranges have been cut up into farms and cattle raising has languished. But there are persons who charge the packers with discouraging cattle raising in order that they might increase the price of beef. The packers are said to have the farmers and cattlemen at their mercy, and they are charged with going into the cattle business in South America in order to hold over the cattlemen here the club of a threat to flood the market with South American beef unless they sold their stock at the price offered. How much truth there is in this charge we do not know. But many persons believe that it is well founded.

A nonpartisan scientific investigation should disclose the facts.

PUTTING FOOD PRICES UP TO THE PRESIDENT

Action of the Locomotive Engineers Should Result in an Executive Order for a Scientific Study of the Facts

When the president of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Mr. Stone, called at the White House and asked President Wilson to give him and his fellow engineers some definite information about what prospect there is for a reduction in the cost of living, he really spoke for every wage-earner and every salaried man.

Mr. Stone reminded Mr. Wilson that \$5 a day will go no further than \$2.15 would go before the war. He said the engineers must either have an increase in wages or the prices must come down. They would prefer that the prices should come down. If nothing can be done to reduce the prices they must demand higher pay.

Every wage-earner will await with impatience the reply which the President makes to the railway engineers. They all want to know whether anything can be done to reduce the high cost of living. The engineers think that the government can do something. They charge that the "situation is brought about mainly by the senseless profiteering by the great interests who have secured control of all the necessities of life."

It is of vital importance that the truth be discovered, and that it be made known to the whole people.

If the President should appoint a commission of experts to make an inquiry and publish a report without delay the foundation would be laid for whatever action the facts seem to justify. The commission should contain business experts familiar with the processes of trade and with the condition of industry, and it should also contain experts in political economy who understand the laws which govern the fluctuation of prices.

These men could tell us whether there has been manipulation of the markets, whether there has been interference with the operation of the law of supply and demand and whether the withdrawal from productive industry of millions of men and the inflation of the currency incident to the war have had any influence. They could also tell us whether the production of foodstuffs in America has kept pace with the growth of the country in wealth and population.

A LITTLE LESS BURLESON

IT WAS a sorrowful rather than an angry Mr. Burleson who let go of the wire systems of the country at midnight with a neatly worded deft for all those who aren't reconciled to the mailed fist in government service.

The postmaster general implies that he didn't do so badly with telegraph and telephone lines. That is true. He was handicapped. He hadn't time. The best that he has been able to show as a result of his administration of the wires is a zone-rate system of telephone charges that works hardship on the small subscriber and many new and small but promising hatreds generated among organized workers on the various lines.

Mr. Burleson got a good start in Boston, but the telephone switchboard operators fought him to a finish and he retired temporarily to other lines of defense. It was then that many airmen who had been fighting in Europe and training in America began to leave the service. There are evidences to show that a plan to put some of these men on the air mail routes in competition with other mail fliers in order to force down wages fascinated the postmaster general and distracted him for the time from other concerns.

The Burleson ideal may not have been realized in the wire systems. But trouble and discontent among airmen of the postal service are developing nicely, thank you. Mr. Praeger has just announced for his chief that \$200 a year is to be cut from the maximum wage of these fliers.

"The public will judge my work," said the postmaster general last night. Therein he was wrong. The public will not judge Mr. Burleson or give time to a consideration of his works. It wants to forget him utterly as soon as it is given the opportunity.

Only a Spark Needed

A deputy state fire marshal, investigating fire conditions in Main Line towns, found a surprising number of dangerous rubbish heaps. Even the law-abiding need to be prodded now and then.

A Little Behind

A new War Department order sets forth that a man acquitted by a court-martial cannot be tried again for the same offense. This belated trailing after the civil law suggests the likelihood that there are other features of the system that need amending.

For a Calm Life

A woman was killed on Wednesday after an altercation over a dog. A boy was run over by an automobile yesterday while trying to rescue a dog. These two incidents illustrate the superiority of goldfish as pets.

"Ain't It the Truth?"

More than 100 people offered their blood, in response to an appeal, to save the life of an unknown patient in the Harrisburg Hospital. Take it "by and large" this is a pretty good old world with lots of mighty fine folk in it.

One Cause for Divorce

When a woman has accustomed herself to light housekeeping in Eddystone she finds no glowing prospect in having to park her matrimonial car in Prospect Park. And that's how it comes about that James Mowbray has been granted a divorce from his wife, Alice, for desertion. The report of the master shows the only reason the woman left home was that she wanted to live in Prospect Park. When she will, she will; you may depend on it; and when she won't, she won't, and there's an end of it.

Clean-up campaign in the Fifth Ward.

The books of depositors in the North Penn Bank made a library of pathos.

What the rioters in Chicago evidently needed was "Force—force to the utmost; force without stint or limit."

With thousands of American soldiers taking French wives to themselves, what's one Franco-American pact more or less?

The only trouble with Uncle Sam's cash-grocery business is that the customer can take no lagniappe from the cracker barrel.

And we'll all be ready to believe the very best of Japan after she has cleared up the Shantung mystery.

Having conceded the right of officers to search their homes, obliging citizens may yet report to the police every time they play five hundred or go to the movies.

THE COLONEL'S CHAT

Gossip About Samuel Peltz, Thomas R. Elcock, John R. Tallis, Philadelphia Mayors and Lieutenant Governors of the State

By GEORGE NOX MCCAIN

SAMUEL PELTZ, well-known West Philadelphia member of the Legislature for two terms during the nineties, was known as an acorn from the tan of outdoor life on his country place when I met him the other day.

He was one of the younger fighting members in the House. In addition he had had a broad and active experience in Philadelphia politics.

Harard Henry, massive as ever, went by at the moment. He once represented West Philadelphia and Germantown in the Senate. Sam Peltz helped him to win his fight. That was in 1890.

The ex-Senator's passing was a text for memories of the time when Chris Magee, a political leader and senator from Allegheny county, was the biggest and best-liked Republican "boss" in the state.

One story that Mr. Peltz told indicated that old methods still have an echo in the politics of today.

"I was sitting in the speaker's room one afternoon," said Mr. Peltz, "when Chris came in and said:

"Sam, bill number so-and-so is coming up in a few minutes. Get out on the floor and lick it up for me."

"I looked it up and found that the measure had been introduced by one of his own members from Allegheny. It was a 'pinch bill.' I understood why he wanted it defeated.

"I never asked Magee why he selected me to do the job. Of course, he couldn't have asked any of his own kind. I think it was a liquor bill of some kind. Anyhow we beat it."

Mr. Peltz's reminiscence story reminded me of the fact that Chris Magee never drank a drop of liquor in his life.

THOMAS R. ELCOCK tells me he is leaving Philadelphia to make his permanent residence in New York. He is widely known in Philadelphia, where for years he has been connected with the advertising force of the C. I. He will be missed out on the Main Line, too.

When the food administration was organized late in 1917 Tom Elcock was drafted from and "loaned" by that corporation for active service. He was made chief of the Division of Food Conservation for Philadelphia. When Thomas Shalton, Jr., resigned to enter another field of war work Elcock was made chief of conservation for the state. His work took him all over Pennsylvania and he was one of the administration's most effective missionaries. He was also a pacifier, and many were the serious-appearing troubles that he dissipated.

After the food administration demobilized he went to Washington to assume charge of some work for the War Industries Board. It was in Washington that he decided to accept an offer from a large corporation in New York.

He is a son of the late Judge Elcock and inherits the genial qualities and keen perceptive abilities of his father.

MY FRIEND, John R. Tallis, member of the executive council and deputy scout commissioner for Delaware and Montgomery counties, has handed me the yearbook for 1919 of the Boy Scouts of America. It is the record for our two neighboring counties.

It is a beautiful work. The story inside, however, is more beautiful still.

It reveals the patriotic fervor of the Boy Scouts who answered the call to duty on the other side. It recites details of the helpfulness and devotion to scout principles of the little chaps on this side during the war.

A particular tribute is paid to the memory of the late Captain Howard C. McCall, of this city, the story of whose death in the drive at Chateau-Thierry will live always in scout history. Then, too, there is the roster of Boy Scout members, or Boy Scout officials, who met death on the field of battle. They are:

Captain Alan W. Lukens, scoutmaster, Troop No. 1, Ardmore; Benson Steed, Troop No. 1, Ardmore; Garret Powell, Troop No. 1, Ardmore; Lieutenant Harold Ainsworth, Troop No. 1, Swarthmore; Lieutenant Thomas P. Vance, assistant scoutmaster, Troop No. 1, Bala; Corporal Walter Foster, Troop No. 1, Ashburn; Lieutenant Thomas T. Ferguson, Troop No. 1, Ardmore; Russell Wensel, Troop No. 1, Telford.

Does the great world, outside the circles from which these troops of Boy Scouts come, appreciate the wonderful work that this organization is doing? Does it appreciate the willing, unselfish and helpful assistance that some of the biggest men of the community, captains of industry and leaders in professional life, are giving to the work, men like W. C. Rorer, Winthrop Sargent, Harry A. Berwind, Samuel T. Rodine, Edward W. Bok, T. DeWitt Cuyler, Alva Johnson, Samuel Rea, Charlton Yarnall, Fayette R. Plumb and thirty or forty other leading citizens?

They are doing a man's work for the coming day. For the man of tomorrow, in the future will be the generals and admirals, the engineers and inventors, leaders of thought and action; young fellows who will rise from the ranks of industrial workers to places of command.

These big men have magnified the big brother idea of the Boy Scouts. Mr. Tallis tells me, and he has come into personal contact with hundreds of Boy Scouts in recent years, that in no instance has he known of a regular Boy Scout going wrong. These lads represent, as a result of training and the principles inculcated, the finest type of American boyhood and youth of our day.

The Boy Scout camp near Sumnerstown is really in the wilderness. There are rocks and trees and streams. It is called Delmont. The name is derived from the first syllable of each county's name.

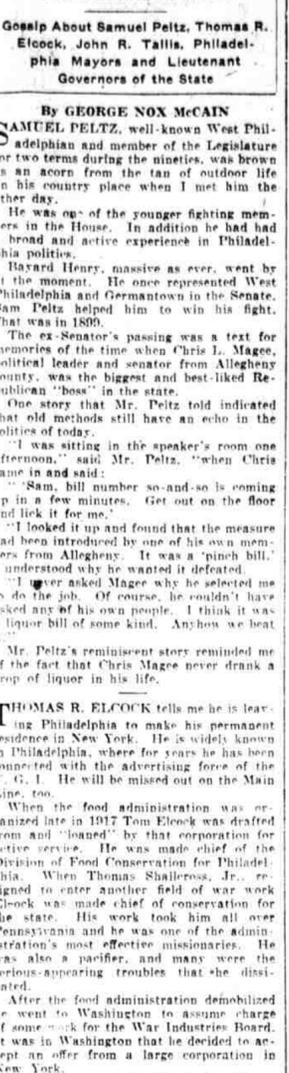
Recently I noted the fact that with one exception every Mayor of Philadelphia had practically passed out of political life at the close of his term.

The office of Lieutenant Governor of Pennsylvania has, in the same way, been the graveyard of political hopes to every one of its incumbents. Several of them on occasion have endeavored to "come back" but without success. In the era of party managers they had received their reward. It was hail and farewell.

There have been eleven Lieutenant Governors. Of this number only four are living today. Louis Aron, of Warren, is interested in various industries in his own county and is a successful capitalist. Walter Lyon is a leading member of the bar of Allegheny county and a widely known corporation lawyer. John M. Reynolds has permanently retired from politics, I understand. He is the oldest of the quartet. Frank B. McClain is the youngest and, as the head of what remains of the late council of defense, still keeps his hand on the pulse of the political situation.

I believe McClain has aspirations to succeed Governor Spruell. At least his many friends insist that he will be one shining example of a Lieutenant Governor who will not only "come back" but will "make good."

FROG HOLLOW'S FINISH



THE CHAFFING DISH

Banking Beatitudes

BLESSED are the bank examiners: for they are easily fooled.
 Blessed are they that are overdrawn: for they have all the luck.
 Blessed are the large depositors: for their overdrafts were honored ad lib.
 Blessed are the cashier and paying teller: for they managed to get expensive motor cars out of the mess.
 Blessed are the demand loans: for they are paid in full.
 Blessed are the blank checks: any friend of the cashier can make them out.
 Blessed is the \$35 salary: for at least it pays for gasoline.
 Blessed are the loose-leaf ledgers: for they can always be juggled.
 Blessed is other people's money: for it feels so nice in the pocket.
 Blessed is the Sunday school: for it takes the mind off the bookkeeping.
 Blessed are the meek depositors: for they shall inherit the death.

Desk Mottos

I forgot who it was that recommended men for their soul's good to do each day two things they disliked. It was a wise man, and it is a precept that I have followed scrupulously: for every day I have got up and I have gone to bed—W. Somerset Maugham, "The Moon and Sixpence."

One of the sad features in the life of a Fact is that it is insufficiently encouraged by applause. When a Fact happens along many of the very nicest people contrive to be looking the other way. This is what is meant by Not Facing the Facts.

This business of bank juggling seems to be a great stimulus to the automobile trade.

The next time some of these bank busters, who are also Sunday school teachers, meet their classes, they might find Exodus xxii, 7 and 8, a useful text for the lesson.

Henry Ford writes in the Dearborn Independent that 75 per cent of all trouble is preventable.

Considering Henry's recent troubles, he may wish that whoever wrote the article for him hadn't been so optimistic.

Henry also insists that "death is one of the arrangements that make for progress."

Even Pollyanna will throw up her hands at that. Beaten at her own game.

Every one knows how agile is the nocturnal cockroach, how hard to overtake with the merely human bootsole. But there is one thing even more fugitive: a five-dollar bill in a restaurant where jazz is played.

An ingenious man sold a farm in New Jersey to two women by telling them he had buried a treasure that Captain Kidd's treasure was buried somewhere on the place. But he put a needless tax on his imagination. The ladies will make much more by selling a wagon-load of new potatoes than they ever would have by finding the pirate's doubloons.

The bones of old Omar must have stirred a little thirstily under the rose-tree at Naisapur to hear that a copy of the first edition of Fitzgerald's translation sold in New York the other day for \$50. Even at present prices that sum would have bought him with enough jugs, loaves and sopped bits of veresa to spend a happy afternoon with friend Thon.

Speaking of Omar, we greatly fear that some of our most prominent bank robbers must have been reading his stuff. For instance:

Some for the glories of this world do wall, Some for a roll of other people's kale; Ah, take the cash and let the credit go, Nor heed the rumble of a distant jail.

And those who husbanded the golden grain, And those who hung it to the winds like rain, Alike must face the good old witness bed, And have their bout with Joseph H. Tanlase.

DINING

SALLY as a cook you'll find Sans reproche beyond all question. In her dinners are combined Sustenance and good digestion. Laughter flavors every dish. 'Tis a spice that makes one greedy. 'Tis exactly what I wish!— Yes indeed!

Sally makes the table smile When with clever hands she sets it. Care is banished for a while— Every diner swift forests it. Conversation knows a spur: Gaily takes a gait that's speedy. Happy intervals occur— Yes indeed!

Sally dearly loves to give With a banished for a while. Though we should like to live, We should live while we are eating. Though the appetite may call And the stomach may be needy Happiness is best of all!— Yes indeed!

GRIF ALEXANDER.

"Thief" is a harsher term than either "goat" or "hook," but there are times when it is more descriptive.

Saloonkeepers who have been notified that nearest will follow the resumption of sales of 2.75 per cent beer after they waived a hearing for court seem convinced that they are victims of barratry with the accent on the first two syllables.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. What and where are the Cameroons?
2. What is an oboe?
3. What is a zany?
4. What is a Jenny Jessamy?
5. Who was Rosa Bonheur?
6. Who said, "Language is always wise"?
7. Who is Joseph Conrad?
8. What is the military force of Guatemala?
9. What is the salary of the President?
10. What is the diameter of the earth?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Many guesses have been made as to how Rotten Row, Hyde-Park, London, got its name. One has it from rotteran, to muster; hence rot, a file of six soldiers. Another the Norman Ratten Row, a roundabout way. Others are Route du Roi, the king's way; the Anglo-Saxon rot, meaning pleasant, cheerful; and rotten, referring to the soft material with which the road is covered.
2. Plato was a Greek philosopher, 429 to 347 B. C. He was a disciple of Socrates and a teacher of Aristotle.
3. General Garfield said, "All free governments are party governments."
4. Euphony is sweet sound or concord of sounds.
5. Apollonius Dyscolus, Alexandrian grammarian, who flourished in the reign of Hadrian and Antoninus Pius, was known as Grammaticorum Princeps.
6. Fluorine is a nonmetallic element grouped with bromine, chlorine and iodine.
7. Atlanta, Ga., is known as the Gate City of the South.
8. The estimated population of Philadelphia is between 1,800,000 and 2,000,000.
9. Douglas William Jerrold, English dramatist, wrote "Black-Eyed Susan; or All in the Downs."
10. The Profile is a celebrated group of rocks resembling a human face on the side of Mount Cannon, in the Franconia range, New Hampshire.

"Selibacy"

The great Kipling, lighting a cigar and blowing a cloud, slowly gave this reason for his state of selibacy: "A woman's only a woman, but a good cigar's a smoke."—Love, Courtship and Marriage, Farmington, Mich.

But we might point out that Kipling was married in 1892.

The Most Expensive Delicacy

If we were a detective and wanted to track down the guy who is totting some of that bank's million dollars, we would start our hunt among those who consume banana splits.

A Perfect and Complete Constitution

We the whole people of the United States do hereby assembled do decree that Each shall be happy in his own way. Any amendment to this constitution is hereby decreed unconstitutional.

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

We are told that King Albert of Belgium worked as reporter on a San Francisco newspaper in his youth. And probably the city editor told him (as all young reporters are told) that he would never dig up any front-page news if he lived to be an old man. Noah, in which case now is the time for the San Francisco city editor to come across with a peccavi.

SOCRATES.